

BIG BOOM IN OIL

Recent Discoveries of Enormous Value ricks. in California.

LOS ANGELES A CITY OF DERRICKS

Huge Fortunes Have Been Made Almost in a Day.

LAND AT HIGH PRICES

Written for The Evening Star.

Next to a gold discovery there is nothing that can cause such a stampede as the finding of oil. The oil fever is a sort of mental germ disease, and when the bacillus gets into a man's mind he casts his steadygoing business habits to the winds and rushes off on a search that terminates only when he has struck it rich, or has worn will-c'-the-wisp.

This is the situation in a large part of southern California today. There has been adventurers of all kinds that outdoes the record of Klondike or Cape Nome. Towns have sprung up on the bare sand hills and have advanced in a few months to the rank of cities. All over the region between the coast range and the Sierra Madre mountains, and from Siskiyou and San Bernadino, thousands of outfits are at work putting down wells, while the men who have used up their available cash in acquiring claims are busy with pick and shovel trying to dig down to the oil-bearing sand, or are looking for somebody to stake them to car fare back east so they can float a com-pany on the strength of their few acres of pany on the strength of their few acres of sage brush. Men who valued their entire worldly possessions a few months ago at a few hundred dollars are now rated at hundreds of thousands over the whole movement there is the glamour of oil that is ment the glamour of oil that is ment the glamour of oil that is ment there is the glamour of oil that is ment the glamour of oil that is ment the glamour of oil t Aladdin's lamp in its fortune-giving po-

oil excitement has made some blg changes in southern California within the past year or so It has transformed Los Angeles from a quiet, pleasant residence town into a city of derricks, with the smell of coal oil in the air, and with a big petroleum exchange in which fortunes can be won and lost as readily as they can in Wall street. Los Angeles is the only part of the region in which the development has reached anything like its maximum point, and this restricted district is flowing more

than a million barrels a year. Derricks All Over Town.

The man who left Los Angeles ten years ago and returns there today will find it impossible to recognize the town. The richest finds in this district have been made within the city limits. The boom was and State streets, near the Second Street

on the other side of the city everybody which who owned a lot in the proved district decided to take a try at oil hunting. Men who owned houses in the residence portion derrick in front of every house, while at least half the residences have a second derrick in the back yard.

freet below the surface, and struck a second oil-bearing stratum which has proved more profitable than the first one. Mr. Tredwell now has over 1,200 feet of oil wharves carrying a dozen wells, and his example has been followed by other prospectors until the coast waters for a mile or more break.

There is a side to the California oil disthe coast waters for a mile or more break under piers which carry hundreds of these derricks. Up to date the Summerland wells have not produced as large a flow as those in some of the other sections, but on the other hand the cost of drilling is less, and refined for illuminating purposes, but a it is not necessary to go down more than wide field of usefulness is being found for 200 feet to reach the lower bearing stratum. It is a noteworthy fact that the further out from shore a well is drilled the thicker the oil stratum is found to be, and as the motives in California as fuel. These two coast waters are comparatively shallow for companies alone are using 100,000 barrels a long distance out, it is probable that few years there will be oil derricks half a mile or more out to sea. One great advantage of the Summerland dis-trict is that the oil can be loaded directly from the wharves on which it is produced into tank vessels. It sells for a dollar a barrel at the pier.

Wells by the Thousand.

At the present time the liveliest section himself out in a fruitless chase after this | of the California oil fields is the Kern river district. The first discovery in this section was made about six miles from Bakersfield, in May, 1899, at a depth of only sixty an influx of boomers, oil prospectors and feet. Later in the same year the "Discovery Well" was put down to a depth of 350 feet, and began producing oil at the rate of thirty barrels a day. This started the rush to Bakersfield, and since that time thousands of wells have been sunk. Most of them yield a flow of from twenty-five to seventy-five barrels per day, although hun-dred-barrel gushers have been found not infrequently. The oil stratum is of excep tional thickness, in many places from three to five hundred feet through. This prom-ises a long period of productivity, which will make the total return from each well extraordinarily profitable. A number of experts who have examined the field have estimated the probable flow of oil at from 130,000 to 200,000 barrels per acre.

> surrounded on three sides by mountains which form a basin filled with shale and of clay above and below. This situation has impressed every oil expert who has visited the region, and it is a fact that practically every well that has been put down within this basin—"inside the dish pan," as they say in Bakersfield—has been a profitable producer.

Bakersfield is the center point of the Kern river excitement, and it is in all respects a remarkable place at present. was considered a dead town in California up to the time of the oil discoveries. The land was about as unpromising for agricultural purposes as could be found within the limits of the state, and the railroad company which held most of it was glad to dispose of it at the rate of \$2.50 per acre. Even after the first discovery the railroad company did not awake to the value of the bonanza which it held, and started by two men who dug a well with pick and shovel at the corner of Patton started by two men who dug as well with the would be glad to buy back now at a thousand dollars apiece. Hundreds of acres that the company let go at from \$2.50 to \$7 have changed hands four or five When their strike was followed by others times since then, always at a rising scale, in the other side of the city everybody which now reaches from one to ten thou-

sand dollars per acre. Sudden Rise to Fortune.

of the city caught the fever and proceeded to disfigure their lawns with derricks and in the Kern river field within the past A good many fortunes have been made lengths of oil pipe. On some of the streets of Los Angeles one will see an ugly black in that section today are men who worked in dry goods shops and grocery stores for \$30 a month no longer ago than last year. As a consequence of the fact that the land in the city is split up into many small holdings, no territory ever had a more the mead of the firm, "Joe" Chanslor, now the mead of the firm, "Joe" Chanslor, now the mead of the firm, "Joe" Chanslor, now rapid development than this Los Angeles | the most prominent figure in California oil



OIL WELLS AMONG THE HOUSES OF LOS ANGELES.

section. Wells have been put down in operations, is a young man about twentysome cases not more than fifty or seventyfive feet apart. This naturally followed om the fact that every man was eager to develop his land as far as possible, and when his neighbor drilled two wells within the space of an ordinary city lot, he was compelled to do likewise in self-de-fense. The result of this is that the oil sand is being rapidly drained of its brown fluid, and the life of the local industry has undoubtedly been shortened. It will make a great record while it lasts, however, for down to the present time the Los Angeles district has to its credit more than seven million barrels of oil, and the city firmly established itself as the headquarters of the industry in southern California having a flourishing oil exchange which does a business in oil stocks of more than a hundred thousand dollars a month, although it is run on a very conservative basis, being controlled by some of the leading business men and oil experts of

Oil From Under the Ocean. Probably nowhere else in the world is There such a picturesque oil field as exists at Summerland, in Santa Barbara, where he wells have been pushed right out into the P cific, and oil is being pumped from

eight or twenty-nine years old, who has made a modest fortune of something like \$15,000,000 within the past year and a half. It is said that Chanslor was working as clerk in a Los Angeles grocery store when he became interested in the oil fields in the Venturo county district about two years ago. He had no money with which to take up land and sink wells, but he managed to raise \$3,000 on a note by promising to give the tender one-half of the proceeds. The \$3,000 sufficed to put down three wells, two of which were profitably productive, while the third was a gusher. It is said that within a year of the time he borrowed the money Chanslor paid the man who loaned it to him \$178,000, which represents a very good rate of interest even for California.
Chanslor and his partner were among

Chansior and his partner were among the first prospectors of the Kern river district. They bought up as much land as they could secure and were among those who obtained land from the railroad company at \$2.50 an acre, which they would not part with for less than \$10,000 per acre. Chansior owns some of the finest acre. Chanslor owns some of the finest wells in the Kern river district, and is in a fair way to become one of the richest

Mad With Excitement.

long. Five years ago a man named Williams sunk a well on the beach in front of the town, struck oil, and started what is known in California as "the beach rush," which has covered the narrow level strip in front of the town with a forest of derricks.

gambling game is run wide open. Day laborers are receiving \$10 and \$12 for ten hours' work, and hotel prices make the Waldorf-Astoria seem cheap by comparison. Nobody in Bakersfield believes that their real value as yet and a great deal ricks.

A year after this discovery J. B. Tredwell built an oil wharf out into the ocean and sunk a well from it. He drilled through the first oil sand, which is less than a hundred

> There is a side to the California oil dis-coveries which renders them of widespread importance. This is the probability of the future development of oil as fuel. None of steam-making purposes. Already two rall-roads are using it in nearly all their locoof oil a month for this purpose, and one road recently placed an advance order for 1.250,000 barrels for future delivery. addition to this the sugar beet factories and other manufacturing plants of California are rapidly replacing coal with oil, and its uses for this purpose are likely to create a steady and strong demand for all the oil that can be produced in the California fields for many years to come. The great difficulty that has heretofore retarded the industrial development of California has been the high price of fuel. Coal costs on the average about \$6.50 a ton. Under present conditions oil sells at from \$1 to \$1.25 per barrel, and \$4.50 worth of oil will do the work of a ton of coal, and, in the opin-ion of many persons, will do it better than the coal itself. The oil, therefore, promises to make its own market and to prove of the greatest importance to the whole Pacific coast region in encouraging its indus-trial development and making it one of the great manufacturing centers of the United

N THE CHURCHES

to make preparations for his proposed trip time his eminence has taken a trip across is to be raised to the cardinalate.

The cardinal's former visits to the continent were all made to attend some important function or to transact business of importance. The first visit was made in 1869, at the time of the famous Vatican council. He was then vicar apostolic of North Carolina. The next visit was made in 1883, to attend a meeting of American prelates called to Rome to consider the plenary council, upon which the pope had determined. At that time he was archbishop of Baltimore. Again in 1887 he went to Rome. This time it was as a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. The purpose of the visit was to officially receive the red hat from the hands of the pope. Before re-turning from this trip the cardinal made an extended tour of Holland and England. His last visit was made in May, 1895, for the purpose of having an audience with the pope relative to some church matters of importance.

Rev. R. S. W. Wood, formerly assistant rector of St. John's Church, this city, but who for some time past has been assistant minister at old St. Paul's P. E. Church, Baltimore, of which Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges is rector, has resigned, to take effect June 1. The successor to Mr. Wood fect June 1. The successor to Mr. Wood has not, it is said, yet been decided upon.

The deaf mute commission of the diocese of Washington has made a report, from which it appears that Sunday night services were removed the first Sunday night in Advent from St. John's Parish Hall to the chapel in Trinity Parish Hall, in order to secure a place properly adapted for wor-ship and the service of the holy communion. This last-named service is now celebrated on the second Sunday in month by a priest, with Rev. O. J. Whildin, who is in deacons' orders, interpreting. A Bible class was begun some weeks ago under the instruction of a very intelligent deaf mute, Mr. A. J. Adams, and has an excellent attendance. The salary of the missionary, who labors also in Maryland, has been increased from \$175 to \$300 per annum. Mr. Whildin is now able to devote a day a week, instead of a day a month, to pastoral visits in Washington and vicinity. The result of these increased efforts is a large increase in attendance at the services. This congregation is probably one of the few in America where there are more men than women-certainly it is the only one in Washington. There are about seventy deaf mutes in this city, :10st of whom are visited by the missionary. About forty attend the services, the attendance averaging about eighteen.

Rev. Dr. Robert H. Williams, pastor of the Walbrook Presbyterian Church, synod of Baltimore, will shortly complete the fortieth anniversary of his entry into the ministry and will preach a sermon commemorative of that event. Dr. Williams preached his first sermon on the first Sunday in May, 1861, in the churches of Churchville and Harmony in Harford county, Md. In reaching the scene of his first ministerial labors it was necessary for him to cross the Susquehanna rive from Perryville to Havre-de-Grace. The transfer boat Maryland plied between those places, but Colonel (afterward General) Butler has seized the steamer to carry his command to Annapolis, and the young preacher only reached his destina-

tion after great difficulty.

In addition to the unusually long service of Dr. Williams as a clergyman, he has of Dr. Williams as a ciergyman, ne has the distinction of having served the en-tire period in the presbytery, with which he is now connected. During his ministry he has had charge of some of the oldest churches in the presbytery, and in addition to pastoral labor has written the history of several of these. Among other churches served by Dr. Williams was the Presbyterian Church of Annapolis, where he renained for nine years.

The Baptist Church Extension Society according to a letter received in this city, has eight railroad chapel cars traveling in different parts of the United States. Most of them are in the pineries and woods of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. The cars are all made of the best material and workmanship. They are eighty feet long from end to end, having a seventy-foot body. This space is divided into a fifty-foot chapel, with seats provided for 100 people. At one end twenty feet of the length of the car is set apart for the use of the evangelist and his family. They are never allowed to get out of repair, but are sent the P cific, and oil is being pumped from beneath the waters of old ocean itself. The town is situated beside the ocean on the sides of steep hills. Between the hills and the rounds in Bakersfield, and the town is a narrow strip of level and a quarter of a mile wide and a mile with six wheel to get out of repair, but are sent to the shop whenever a coat of varnish is needed. They are fitted with six wheel the rounds in Bakersfield, and the town is mad with oil excitement. It is a lively town nowadays, in which every kind of a

place free of charge. The first car that was built was given the name of "Evan-gel." Other names that have been pro-vided are "Glad Tidings," "Messenger of

Peace," etc. ging camps of Wisconsin and Minnesota and the frontier towns of nearly all the western states have received visits from the chapel car. These visits usually occur before any effort has been made to organ-ize a church. The visit of the car frequently creates as much of a sensation as the coming of a circus. The men chosen to do this class of evangelistic work are those who have strong lungs and enough musical talent to play the church organ on the car and accompany their own perform-ance with the voice. It is rarely a hard matter to get enough people to fill the car.
When it is found insufficient to accommodate those who would like to take part in the services the largest hall in the village is secured and the meetings are continued

ithere.
It was purchased with funds furnished entirely by women. It was the fifth of the series of eight cars to be built and is beau-

and pulpit being special gifts.

The origin of the chapel car movement was with the visit of Dr. Wayland Hoyt of New York to the mining camps of northern Wisconsin on a private car belonging to his brother, Colgate Hoyt, a prominent railroad man. Dr. Hoyt noticed the ab-sence of any form of house of worship in these districts and suggested to the railroad man that it would be to the interest of the companies to move in the direction of equipping a railroad car with the furnishings necessary for a chapel and hav-ing it side-tracked in the little towns. The suggestion was adopted and a syndicate of Suggestion was adopted and a syndicate of railroad men, including Mr. Hoyt, E. J. Barney and John D. Rockefeller, built and equipped the first chapel car and presented it to the American Baptist Publication Society to be used under its direction. Since that time seven other cars have been built, one of them being presented to the society by one man-Preston W. Smith. According to the officers of the association the railroad chapel has been the source of much of the church building and extension work of the Baptist Church Extension

It shows there are 4,233,226 Baptists in this country, who worship in 43:959 churches, under the guidance of 29,810 ministers. In the whole world there are 5,012,880 Bapists, 51,347 churches and 34,869 ministers. Pennsylvania leads in the number of new churches that were organized in the past year, with eleven, while New York has but four to its credit. Among the many other interesting statistics that the book contains is a complete roster of all the Baptist min-isters in the United States, with those who have been ordained and those who have died since the last issue of the book.

church in Baltimore a few days ago. It the king's standard floated over the eight was expected that the minister named towers of the Bastile, Paris and France would deliver the principal address on the occasion, but for the reason stated he could not do so. Work on the new building has already been begun, and it is expected to be completed in September.

Rev. Mr. Nourse of New Windsor, Md., a member of the synod of Baltimore, who is well known here, and who for some time past has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Williamsport, Md., as well as president of a woman's seminary at New Windsor, will in future devote his entire time to his pastoral enties. He has already retired from his efficational labors, the building in which his school was conducted having passed into the hands of a minister who also desires to engage in teaching.

ONE-HUNDRED-FOOT SNAKES.

Prehistoric Monsters With Enormous Heads and Tails Like Rudders. From the Denver Post.

There is a small gulch near Florence, Col., which is filled with snakes-great stone snakes, whose wriggling days are over -prehistoric snakes with enormous heads and tails like rudders,

The State Historical Society has become tion in the collection in the state capitol, factory. The fossil reptiles were found by McFie and Masters of Florence, the first several months ago and others more recently. The first find was a head measuring 32x34 inches. It was so unmistakably the head of a fossil animal of some sort that McFie and Masters proceeded to search for the rest of the body. They found it in sections, part on one side of the gulch and part on the found it in sections, the national assembly, were imprisoned by the mob, they the opposite side. The middle parts of the immense body had been swept away, doubtless by floods, and the entire length of the snake must have been 100 feet. In circumference the largest fragment measures 34

The eye sockets are placed in the back part of the head, and the position of the head when attached to the snake's body at the well-defined place of fracture indicates that the creature had its head lifted to look behind it, perhaps for its enemies. The line of the jaw is plainly marked. Its tail is shaped like a rudder and pitched downward, which leads the discoverers of the reptile to the belief that it was a swimmer rather than a crawler. The shape of the body is much like that of a salmon, with the narrow edge downward. The marks on the fractured, stony edges of the body indicate that the serpent had no vertebrae, but only cartilage for holding

ts long mass together. So interested were McFie and Masters in their find that they searched assiduously for other fossils. None was to be found anywhere except in the little gulch, in a spot 150 feet square, where there seems to have been a congregation of the reptiles perhaps the last stand of a vanishing species against the inroads of stronger animals or fire or water, or whatever it was. Many of the fossils are to be found in this spot. One that has been taken out head 33x36 inches. Four pieces of the body and the head measure seven feet in length and weigh 700 pounds. There are fragments there much greater in size, head weighing 200 pounds, and the discoverers of the fossil remains think there are even larger specimens there. Curator Fer-rill of the State Historical Society is eager to get one or more of the snakes for the state collection and negotiations are now in progress for them.

belief among scientists who have heard of these discoveries is that they are of great value.

Material for the Bards of Song. From Puck.

Popular songs of America seem to have a geographical limit. It jars the patriotic Yankee to be told about the green fields of Virginia far away on one street, and then to learn that she was bred in old Kentucky around the corner. On Broadway he has "My Louisiana Lou" dinned into his ears, and on the Bowery "My Honolulu Baby" greets his sensitive ears. Georgia roses, Alabama coons is unny Tennessee and even Filipino maids are extolled in rag or other timed melodies, but not a word about good old New England. The limit seems to be even political, and confined to more or less democratic states. Why not "My Pretty Massachusetts Mill Hand," "My Rhode Island Rhody," "My Eliand Rhody," "My Vermont Milkmaid," "My Smiling Maine Fisher-gal," "Connecticut Liz," or "New Hampshire Sal?"

The Lengthening, Days.

de Lambese, leading a charge of his German cavalry, trampled and killed young and old in the Tuilleries gardens. Under the restoration the Bourbons named this From the Buffalo Express and Now the days are getting longer, and the folks who wake at dawn.

And can't sleep if there is any noise about Soon will hear the merry clatter of the mower on the lawn And the garbage man who rolls the barrels out. nobility from entering the opera—now the Theater de la Porte St. Martin, where they are playing "Quo Vadis." On the afternoon and night of July 13 the east-How they'll toss and turn and tumble in a valu wattempt to sleep
When the rising sun shines in at four o'clock;
How they'll growl and groan and grumble and
they'll curse both loud and deep
As they hear the milkman coming down the ern part of Paris was full of barricades.
Patrols of citizens under arms walked the
street. In the morning of July 14 the
mob pillaged the Soldiers' Home of the In-

There's a moment, then, of quiet, and one falls into a doze. Then a crash against the door—you're wide awake! oles a bombardment, but, as everybody It's the way the newsboys leave the Daily Fake. It's no use to try to slumber, for the world is waking up.

The trolley gongs are clanging as they pass.

The files are buzzing fiercely and the neighbor's

Oh, we're glad the summer's coming, when the snow will disappear.

And when it comes we'll wish the winter back.

And the moral seems to be that every season of Has advantages that all the others lack,

yelping pup Is chasing English sparrows off the grass.

TAKING THE BASTILE

Truth About That Famous Prison Coming to Light.

UNNAMED HORRORS IN ITS DEPTHS

What Was Found When the Walls Were Torn Down.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, April 8, 1901. When the mob of Paris patriots, a hundred odd years ago, fell on that ancient prison-castle called the Bastile, killed its governor and garrison, and set its victims free, they found unnamed horrors in its dark depths.

Of late years it has been the fashion for historians to deny the horrors. M. Violletle-Duc discovered that its famed oubliettes (whose floors sunk to conical points so that those forgotten in them might have no resting place for their feet) were merely ice houses; another student of the archives, M. Funck-Brenatno, has shown that "only people who would today be counted rich could afford to feed themselves as the Bastile's prisoners were fed," and an English apologist, in a work of two bulky volumes, says that "prisoners were less harshly treated in the Bastile than in other French or English prisons;" that "its courtyards The American Baptist Year Book for 1901 resembled a college play ground in which prisoners received their friends and played has just been issued by the American Baptist Publication Society. The book contains 220 pages and is edited by Rev. J. G. Walk-These painstaking historians came to

their conclusions from studying the docu-ments. Unfortunately for the truth of history, they were the documents of the Bas-tile. Other documents have come to light confirming the old tales in all their horror.

More Than a Prison.

The Bastile was more than a prison. I was a fortress and a castle, the key of Paris. Originally a gate in a wall of the city, it grew through the centuries. Just across the plain was the royal residence of Vincennes, another prison-castle. At the Much to his regret, Rev. J. E. A. Doermann of this city was prevented by illness from attending the laying of the corner stone of a new Evangelical Lutheran to Daltimore a few days ago. It

The Bastile was always considered im-pregnable. To the people of Paris it represented the tyranny of ages. The anniversary of its capture by the Paris mob is the French Fourth—the 14th of July.

The people had already begun to look the king and nobles in the face. The self-constituted national assembly of June 17 had met in the dismantled handball court of Versailles to swear not to separate until it had given a constitution to France. On June 23 these same deputies of the third estate, persisting in their resistance to the vote by order (which would have left them in the minority again), the king sent the Marquis de Dreux-Breze to summon them to "retire." It was then that Mirabeau— who himself had known imprisonment at Vincennes under a lettre de cachet—thun-dered his famous reply: "Tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people."

Growing Discontent.

For a long time public opinion had been profoundly irritated at the king's resistance to a meeting of the popular assembly, early as April 28, a report having circulated in the workingmen's quarter of St. but in that case what were they doing in the aristocratic prison of the Bastile? They much interested in this discovery, and an effort will be made to secure some of the best of the strange specimens for preserva- good for them," a mob attacked the manu-

Detachments, both of French Guards and Royal Cravats, were sent to disperse this riot, but only the Royal Cravats had orders to charge the people. The killed and wounded were numerous, this being the first blood shed in the streets of Paris during the were feasted in the gardens of the Palais Royal the same day, June 30. On July 12, in the Palais Royal gardens,

Camille Desmoulins, an unknown young man, stood on a table, pistol in hand, and

Champ de Mars enter Paris tonight to cut

the throats of the inhabitants! Let us put

from one of the branches and put it in his

Many Were Killed.

These mobs in general and the enthu-

siastic reception of unknown Camille Des-

moulins' daring words in particular, de-

cided the court to do the very thing the

unknown young man had unwarrantedly

predicted. The Swiss Guards were or-

dered to hold the Champs Elysee, and a

German cavalry company was assembled

in the present Place de la Concorde. Prince

man a peer of France.

The same night of July 12 the people.

valides, took twenty-four cannon and 30,-000 mixed rifles, pistols, swords and bayon-

Certainly the Bastile had always been considered impregnable. A recently found stamp, dated the day after its taking, is seen to bear the legend:

"This fortress, before which the courage of the greet Conde coverd away and which

ran to the Bastile.

"To the Bastile," was the cry. They

enraged at the massacre, prevented

had no leaves left on them that night!

The small, sickly trees of the garden

With that he tore a leaf

on cockades!"

IN THE GRIP OF THE BASTILE.

massacred them at leisure. As a proof of the length to which his resistance went, it is now well settled that De Launay in the last moments attempted to fire the powder magazine and was prevented by the soldier Ferrand. How was it, then, that this impregnable fortress could be carried by storm in four hours by a mob of undisciplined, leaderless citizens, armed according to their fancy, having no plan of attack and no common understanding? It is a mistake. They had a common understanding—it was to take the Bastile. They were not an army of machines, but ardent, thinking individuals. We have seen

the same thing a hundred times of late in South Africa. We saw it in the Cuban war, in Hobson's exploit, if an example be needed. Under a galling fire from the safe-ly intrenched garrison the citizens of Paris clambered down and up the walls of the moat, lowered the drawbridge, battered in

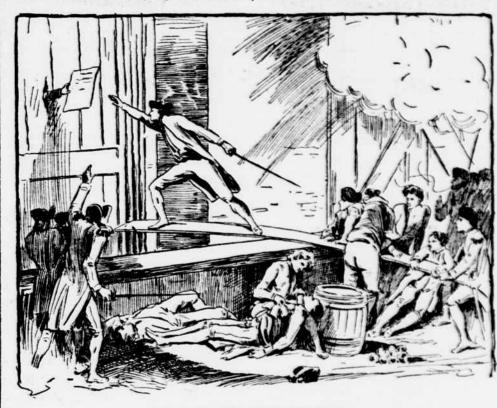
The garrison of ninety-five veterans and thirty Swiss died to a man. Of the besiegers there were ninety-eight killed and

governor, used every effort, down to the most perfidious of ruses, to hold it. Having let down the first drawbridge as if in surrender, he allowed a great number of the citizens to enter the first court yard. Then he drew back the drawbridge and massacred them at leisure As a proof of the fortrees to the drawbridge and massacred them at leisure as a proof of the fortrees to content the depths and the fortrees to content the depths and the fortrees to content the depths are the fortrees to content the first court yard. rescuers for executioners come to put an end to their lives. Some were so weak that they fainted on seeing armed men. Others, unused to so much light, hid their eyes from the torches. From the depths of the fortress they brought up horribl trophies, machines whose use no one could guess. There was one heavy iron machine like a great suit of armor that seemed to have been invented to hold every joint and muscle of the victim in an eternal rigidity. "What torture could be more re-finedly terrible, when darkness, silence and long years were added to it?" asks the Paris patriot of 1789 in his diary. He saw the thing.

The Comte des Loges, an old man and a noble, had been favored with a high-ceiled room, in which they had allowed him to install a four-posted bed with a canopy to protect him from the draughts while sleep-ing. He had a table, a jug, a plate and a stool: His room was always in a dull twi-light that came through a single grated window. Yet he was the best-lodged prisoner found at the taking of the Bastile.

The apologists of the Bastile thought that

moat, lowered the drawbringe, pattered its invincible doors, carried court by court and room by room, to the death of its last to a dozen, and the new Larousse Encyclosure and the new Larousse Encyc pedia's specialist, in the title 'Taking of the Bastile,' gives the names only of seven -the four forgers before mentioned, "two



Thanks OF THE BASITLE. From an Old Print.

sixty wounded. They did not have ma-chine guns in those days. It has been calculated that an average of 100 bullets had to be fired to wound one man and 300 to

Prisoners in Chains.

Two contemporary drawings show what they discovered in this prison. One, of an allegorical character, represents the citizen-soldiers assisting up the black stairways long-bearded old men, sickly youths and broken-down men of middle age, with their chains still on them. Others, crawling on hands and knees, discover, in black corners, chained to rings let in the walls, the bodies of prisoners dead in their shackles. A skeleton crumbles in an old iron cage. It had been the fashion to deny these horrors. They are not so easily de-nied in the year 1901.

It is now known who took possession of the cage and what became of it. The diaries and notes of eye-witnesses recently brought to light are being published. One drawing of the time, now in the Hennin collection, shows the underground cachot, in which the four forgers, Bechade, La Roche, La Correge and Pujade, were found and famine increased the discontent. As and released by the populace. It is possi-early as April 28, a report having circuble that they were only vulgar criminals cents per day, and that "bread was too of the Bastile. They had been languishing in that black hole thirteen months. La Roche was found chained to a curious machine that looked something like one end of a gun carriage.

It held him always in the same reclining position, his ankles, wrists, waist and neck chained fast. Pujade was chained by the waist to a heavy ring set i nthe wall, about ten feet away from the other. Bechade seems to have roamed freely about the room, while La Correge was chained by his two wrists to the foot of a pillar that served him for seat and bed

When the citizens entered this dismal abode the flaming lights of their torches sent troops of rats scampering, while the drawing shows two good-sized snakes trycried: "To arms! The Germans of the ing to hasten to holes in still a deeper

dungeon stairway, through whose top a

Only dead bodies were found down there.

Nineteen Years in a Cell.

The prisoner Tavernier, whom the white-

washing historians have tried to make out

a crazy man ("and it is known," they say,

"that the art of caring for the demented

was in its infancy under the old regime,

when it was thought sufficient to merely

lock them up"), has left an account of his

captivity which would have made a strangely lucid work for a crazy man. He

told his liberators that, during the thirty

years of his captivity, he had passed nine-

teen consecutive ones without crossing the

Exercise in the yard, for those who enjoyed this favor, was limited to an hour a day, reduced to a few minutes when there

were many prisoners to be exercised in

The Abbe Duvernet, on receiving a visit

threshold of his cell.

turn.

crazy men under restraint " Tavernier and De Whyte, and "a young gentleman, the Comte de Solages, who, after committing monstrous crimes, had been locked up in the Bastile on a pension paid by his family." The explanation is that the students of documents give only the names found in the peculiarly-kept Bastile register. forty and more prisoners released by the Paris mob made off as fast as their legs would carry them, without giving their names or addresses. On that day, the 14th of July the archives of the Bastile were thrown into the moat. Anyone who pleased might hunt through them to make a collection of curious documents. Quantities were taken for old paper and parchment. When, a few days later on, the savants had gathered together what they had saved at the depot of Saint Louis la Culture, it was an incomplete set of archives.

Lettres de Cachet.

The young Comte de Solages had been thrown into the Bastile on a lettre de cachet procured from the king by his family, who continued to pay his board. It was this practice of the lettres de cachet, by which people of influence might use the prison for their family affairs and private vengeances, that most enraged the people of Paris against it. The king's lettre de cachet ran:

"Monsieur le Mqis. de Jumilhac. This tain him (or her) until new order from me "Monsieur le Mais de Jumilhac. I pray God that He will have you in His holy

eping. Written at Versailles, the —

And below the name of the minister. They have even tried to prove that the lettre de cachet was "seldom abused." Ravaisson, the compiler of the Archives de la Bastile, declares that "extreme care was taken to avoid errors and abuses." The great safeguard was that "each lettre de cachet was signed by the king himself and countersigned by one of his ministers." These same "closed letters" were nevertheless the instruments of imprisoning thousands in whose affairs neither the king nor his ministers had the slightest interest, whose names they had never heard. Dur-ing the reign of Louis XV alone 150,000 lettres de cachet were issued. The king wrote his name on the blank forms, a hundred at a time, on rainy afternoons. He and his ministers distributed them among their friends. Wives obtained them against their husbands, husbands against their wives, fathers against their children, debtors against their creditors, opera dancers against lovers who had slighted them. Persons who had never been convicted of any crimes remained in the Bastile "not because anybody in par-ticular is anxious they should remain, but because they happen to be there. They have been forgotten, and there is nobody

to ask for their release," as Mirabeau wrote in his thunderbolt, "Lettres de Cachet." Mirabeau's Pamphlet.

The great tribune, while still a young man, had been imprisoned on the order of Marquis de Mirabeau, his father, whose lifelong jealousy of his brilliant son is a matter of history. In the course of his life the marquis procured no less than fifty lettres de cachet against members of his own family! While lying in prison Mirabeau wrote his great pamphlet against this abuse. He wrote on scraps of paper torn from books, on pieces of linen, even, torn from his shirts. Though often searched, he concealed the growing work with won-derful ingenuity. Later on its publication was to electrify France and prepare the The historian, Ravaisson, says that only

two kinds of torture were applied in the Bastile—the boot and the torture by water. The ordeal of "the boot" needs no descrip-tion; in it the leg was crushed by successively driven wedges. For the torture by water the victim was bound on a trestle and water was poured down his throat by the gallon until his sufferings became unendurable. Torture was practiced in the Bastile quite up to the revolution, in spite of the well-advertised edict of Louis XVI mutilated archives themselves contain the full relation of the "questions ordinary and extraordinary" applied to a man named Alexis Danouilh, as late as the

His Head on a Pike.

On the morning of July 14, 1789, this in-

solent private prison of the king and his nobility proudly floated its flag seemingly as secure as it had ever been. On the morning of July 15 its doors were open, its prisoners released, its interior sacked, its archives thrown into the moat, its garrison killed and the head of De Launay, its governor, was promenading Paris on the end of a pike. In spite of certain generous ef-forts to save him, this man was literally torn to pieces by the crowd. In the Cabinet des Estampes of the National Library there is shown a page of the sketch book of the artist Girodet, who, a young man of twenty, mixed with the mob that day to make sketches like a modern newspaper il-The Abbe Duvernet, on receiving a visit from the Minister Ameiot, had complained of the causelessness of his imprisonment. "You ought not to complain," was the answer, "because you have the privilege of the prison library." Then he asked, "Why are you here?" "Because you yourself gave some one a blank lettre de cachet, with your name and the king's attached to it. That person filled in my name and the trick was done. You ought to know it." The minister expressed mildmake sketches like a modern newspaper illustrator. There you will see his quicklymade sketch of De Launay's head, with
flowing hair and staring eyes, borne on a
kind of pitchfork. Other heads were cut
off that day, not by the guillotine, but by
swords or axes, the head of the State Councilor Foulon and that of Berthier de Saudigny intendent of the palace. It was the digny, intendent of the palace. It was the

name and the trick was done. You ought to know it." The minister expressed mild surprise—and he left the Abbe Duvernet to rot ten years more, until rescued on July 14, 1789!

The Refinement of Torture.

Another newly discovered account, illustrated by a very well-drawn sketch, tells how the deliverers found the Comte des Loges, "a prisoner of the Bastile during thirty-two years." Saber and torch in hand, they explored every recess of the dark fortress. Most of the living victims they thus rescued imagining themselves to "This fortress, before which the courage of the great Conde oozed away and which the greatest warriors judged impregnable, was attacked on July 14 and carried by storm in less than four hours by the prodigious bravery of the citizens of Paris, armed for the defense of their liberty and the salvation of their country."

It is also certain that De Launay, its

STERLING HEILIG